MARVEL® COMICS

EXILES™

MARVEL PG 4

SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; T-BIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE EXILES!

I never saw them, Charlie... just came outta... outta *nowhere*... never got a good look... too many of them...

...I gotta get up... *Jeannie* needs us...

YOU'VE DEFINITELY EARNED SOME *DOWN-TIME,* MEIN FREUND.

THANKS, UM... *ELF.*

AS YOU SAID THEY WOULD, PROFESSOR XAVIER, HIS PHYSICAL INJURIES ARE HEALING AT A *REMARKABLE* RATE...

...BUT I'M GETTING SOME VERY *ODD* READINGS ON HIS BRAINWAVES AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

YES, I AM EXPERIENCING GREAT DIFFICULTY READING HIS *THOUGHTS,* AS WELL. THEY'RE FRAGMENTED AND IMPOSSIBLE TO DECIPHER. IT'S AS IF HE'S BEEN *SHOCKED* IN SOME WAY.

HE'S BEEN *ATTACKED,* PROFESSOR! I THOUGHT THIS DAMNED TRIAL HAD A CODE OF HONOR!

REST EASY NOW, WOLVERINE. *CONSERVE* YOUR STRENGTH.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ARMY THAT TOOK LOGAN DOWN, PROFESSOR!

SOME GROUP OF THE SHI'AR OBVIOUSLY DOES *NOT* WANT LOGAN PARTICIPATING IN OUR UPCOMING *DUEL OF HONOR* AGAINST THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

YES, THAT MUCH SEEMS OBVIOUS, NIGHTCRAWLER. I'LL TALK TO *LILANDRA* ABOUT THIS EGREGIOUS ASSAULT.

NEVERTHE-LESS, I WANT THE X-MEN TO REMAIN *CAUTIOUS* UNTIL MORNING...

...FOR JEAN'S SAKE, WE CAN'T AFFORD FOR OUR NUMBERS TO *DWINDLE.*

"YOU'RE SURE THE X-MEN HAD *NO IDEA?*"

"NONE WHATSOEVER.

"ANYTIME I TAKE BODIES OVER, THEIR BRAINS GO ALL *SWISS CHEESE.* THEY STAY *COMATOSE* FOR NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

"WOLVERINE DEFINITELY WON'T BE TELLING ANYONE THAT MIMIC CLEANED HIS CLOCK FOR A *WHILE...*"

THAT'S AN INTERESTING POWER, T.J. HOW LONG CAN YOU STAY *INSIDE* SOMEONE?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, BLINK. TWELVE HOURS. A LUNAR DAY, LUNAR CYCLE, WHATEVER... IT WAS MY FIRST POWER TO MANIFEST ITSELF.

THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE NAME *NOCTURNE.*

COOL. BUT THAT'S *IT?* NO OTHER SURPRISES? JUST THE BODY-SNATCHING AND THOSE-- WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-'EM-- *HEX*-BOLTS?

YEAH. BUT THEY AREN'T *REALLY* "HEX" BOLTS. I'M JUST OPENING A PORTAL TO A SIDE DIMENSION AND RELEASING A BURST OF ENERGY.

IT'S THE DIMENSION MY DAD "*BAMFS*" THROUGH WHEN HE TELEPORTS.

I GUESS THE *HEX* PART WAS A NOD TO MY MOM'S POWERS.

HOW IS IT A NOD TO YOUR *MOTHER?*

SHE'S WANDA MAXIMOFF. THE *SCARLET WITCH.*

WOW. THAT'S INTERESTING...

...I *NEVER* WOULD HAVE PUT THOSE TWO TOGETHER.

ARE YOU *KIDDING?* BOTH MUTANTS, BOTH GYPSIES... YOU SHOULD SEE THEM, IT'D MAKE YOU *SICK.* THEY'RE LIKE A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS!

ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULDN'T GET YOU SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION, CALVIN? OR A *WELDER?*

AS LONG AS I STAY IN *METAL* FORM I WON'T BLEED TO DEATH. MY HEALING FACTOR SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

I'M COMING ALONG QUITE NICELY CONSIDERING I WENT AT IT WITH *WOLVERINE* ALL NIGHT. MY CLAWS ARE *ALREADY* GROWING BACK.

I'LL BE FINE BY MORNING, CLARICE.

SNIKT!

SPEAKING OF WHICH, TEAM... LET'S GO OVER OUR *STRATEGY* ONE MORE TIME.

SURE, LET'S MAKE IT A BAKER'S DOZEN, BLINK.

There is great sadness in the air.

And great *fear.*

To say the least, when you don't have murder in your heart, *killing* is unpleasant work.

And the EXILES have anything *but* bloodlust.

This ragtag team of reality-hopping mutants have nothing but *love* for Jean Grey.

But today she must *die*.

That, unfortunately, is the *mission* they have been given.

It weighs *heavily* on them all.

CALVIN, THEY'RE GOING TO TELEPORT US DOWN IN A MINUTE...

But for some... it's *unendurable*.

...ARE YOU OKAY?

SURE I AM, CLARICE.

LET'S *DO* THIS.

Blue Area.

The Moon.

They know everything that is going to happen, because to them it *already has*.

To them... this is like reliving history.

And with the Shi'ar *Imperial Guard's* strength at a low, the disguised Exiles *easily* assume command.

SPLIT UP. YOU ALL HAVE DESIGNATED GROUPS. MOVE *OFFENSIVELY.*

GET THIS OVER WITH *QUICKLY,* GANG.

OH, AND *T-BIRD...*

RIGHT.

CLOK

CLOK

WHAT IS THE *MEANING* OF THIS?!

THE *KREE* AND *SKRULL* WERE HERE AS *DIPLOMATIC OBSERVERS!*

Oh... *MY BAD.* I THOUGHT WE WERE *SUPPOSED* TO KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS. I'LL SEND A FORMAL APOLOGY TO BOTH RACES.

NOW *FOLLOW* ME.

HEY, ORACLE, WANNA *GRAB A BITE* AFTER THE BATTLE? Y'ALL GOT *DELI* ON THAT SPACE SHIP?

I... I'M NOT SURE. WHAT IS--

C'MON, TOOTS. THE X-MEN'RE *THIS WAY.*

YOU... YOU WERE *RIGHT.* I CAN SENSE THEM APPROACHING. HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY WOULD COME FROM THIS DIRECTION?

READ ABOUT IT IN HISTORY CLASS.

PARDON?

QUIET, MORPH.

THIS PLAZA'S WIDE OPEN-- ALMOST NO COVER. A PERFECT PLACE FOR AN *AMBUSH.*

TAKE POINT, *BEAST.*

AT YOUR SERVICE, CYCLOPS.

JEAN, *WATCH OUT!*

FOOOOM

SPREAD OUT, X-MEN! MAKE 'EM *WORK* FOR IT!

SCOTT!

THIS'LL ONLY HURT A MINUTE, BEAST!

JUST BREATHE EASY!

A SHAPE-SHIFTER!

WELL, *DUH.*

MINUS THAT FERAL ONE THEY WILL BE EVEN *LESS* A MATCH FOR US. ALL THE OMENS POINT TOWARDS *VICTORY* OVER THESE PATHETIC EARTH-DWELLERS.

If Hussar says that one more time, I'm gonna *break her jaw.*

Take it *easy,* T.J.--

Wait-- here they come!

Dad?! *He's* not supposed to be here! Where's the *Beast?!* Dad should be with the *other* group!

I guess with Wolverine out of the picture, things won't happen *exactly* as we learned them. I'll take Nightcrawler, T.J. You--

DON'T YOU *TOUCH* HIM!

I'LL DO IT.

HE'S *MY* FATHER.

AH! KURT, GET TO THE *HIGH GROUND*--

BLAAM

STORM!!

LICK!

She knows how Nightcrawler fights better than *anyone alive.*

And although this is a younger, stronger version than the man who raised Nocturne...

...with age comes *wisdom* and *experience.*

She knows if he is ensnared, he will *teleport.*

BAMF

BAMF

BAMF

BAMF

An arduous activity for him, an *exhausting* one for the passenger. It *should* render her unconscious.

That is, unless that passenger is his *daughter...* who spent most of her childhood [illegible] teleporting while riding *piggyback* on her father's shoulders!

Nightcrawler, however... is *not.*

I'm so sorry, Daddy...

She is quite *immune* to such a maneuver.

They all stick to the plan. They all behave like the *heroes* they truly are.

They know they are just *cogs* in a mighty wheel. The task that has been set before them has a *higher purpose.*

Their personal feelings, their familial ties, their *love,* do not enter into it.

The *end* will justify the *means.*

At least, that's what they all *hope.*

It is a mighty voice. Like the voice of God *PHOENIX* is reborn.

And their task should be at an end...

IS EVERYONE *ALL RIGHT?*

OUR PEOPLE SEEM TO BE. THEY KNEW IT WAS COMING AND *BRACED* FOR THE BLAST.

THEN IT LOOKS LIKE OUR PART IS *OVER,* CALVIN. WE'VE FULFILLED OUR *PURPOSE,* RIGHT?

THE X-MEN WILL ATTACK PHOENIX NOW AND SHE'LL BE ABLE TO COMPLETE HER PLAN BY TAK NG HER *OWN LIFE!*

WHAT? ISN'T THAT WHAT'S *SUPPOSED* TO HAPPEN?

YES...

...EXCEPT THAT JEAN JUST KILLED *SCOTT.*

"THERE'S *NOTHING LEFT* OF JEAN GREY IN THERE, BL NK. SHE'S JUST *DARK PHOENIX* NOW.

"SHE ISN'T GOING TO KILL HERSELF. AND IF SHE *IS*, SHE'S TAKING EVERYONE HERE *WITH* HER

"I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE... SHE'S REALLY *GONE*, ISN'T SHE...?"

IT'S TIME FOR THAT *CONTINGENCY PLAN*, CAL.

I SUPPOSE IT IS.

JEAN, BY ALL THAT IS GOOD IN YOU-- *STOP THIS NOW!!*

REMEMBER *WHO* YOU ARE! DO *NOT* EMBRACE THE *DARKNESS!!*

OH, MY DEAR ORORO. . MY *GOOD FRIEND* ORORO.

I *KNOW* WHO I AM. I KNOW MORE THAN *EVER* BEFORE!

I AM *PHOENIX!*

I AM *POWER!*

AND BEFORE YOU IS A TRUE GODDESS!!

AAIIEE!

WOOSH!

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A *MURDERER,* PHOENIX!!

NOTHING MORE!

BRAAK

MY, MY, CAL-- SO MANY *CONFLICTING* EMOTIONS BOUNC NG AROUND THAT TROUBLED COPY-CATTING *BRAIN* OF YOURS!

THOSE HOT AND SWEATY ONES ARE *ESPECIALLY* INTERESTING!

CALVIN! WHAT A *THRILL!* AND DECIDING TO CHEAT *ANOTHER* MUTANT POWER!

TOO BAD YOU'LL ONLY BE *HALF* AS POWERFUL AS ME!

I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO *MAKE DO.*

I MIGHT JUST *GIVE IN* TO SOME OF THOSE NAST ER FANTASIES OF YOURS! .T MAY BE A LITTLE MORE *PRAYING MANTIS* STYLE THAN YOU'RE USED TO-- BUT *WHAT A WAY TO GO!*

JUST SHUT UP AND *FIGHT,* YOU CRAZY B--

Mother pus bucket... ANYBODY GET THE *NUMBER* OF THAT HOMO SUPER OR TRUCK?

I TH NK I BROKE *EVERY-THING...* which s *hard* see ng as how I don't nave any *bones...*

BUT OF COURSE YOUR *MOUTH* SEEMS UNAFFECTED.

CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?

NOT SO MUCH. JUST A LOT OF FLAME--

HOLY MACKEREL--! M MIC'S *MIMICKED* PHOEN X!

Don't ask me to say that again, though. I can only shapeshift my *tongue* so many different ways!

YOU SHIFT ONE *MOLECULE,* SPUD, I'LL POP YA RIGHT IN THE BRAIN.

GOTCHR.

FREEZE OR LOBOTOMY.

WE'RE *ALL GOOD.*

YOU'VE ALL GOT *THREE SECONDS* TO TELL ME *WHAT* THE HELL YOU'RE DOING HERE AND *WHY* YOU WERE TEAMING UP WITH THE SHI'AR, OR LITTLE OL' MORPH HERE--

IS IN A LOWER READING GROUP. *RIGHT.*

SOMEBODY, *PLEASE*-- TELL THE MAN ABOUT THE WHOLE REALITY-HOPPING, SETTING-THE-WORLDS-R GHT-AND-WE GET-TO-GO-BACK-TO-KANSAS DEAL!

T'S *TRUE,* WOLVERINE...

WE'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO STOP THE *GREATER WRONG.*

MARIKO?

YUP SHE'S ONE OF *US* WHERE SHE COMES FROM, BUT STILL CUTE AS A *BUG'S* BUTT...

...EXPLAIN *QUICKLY,* SUNFIRE--

"--WE STILL HAVE *WORK* TO FINISH!"

SO, *YOU'RE* JEAN GREY.

I GOTTA SAY I'M *SURPRISED.*

CHOOM

CHOOM

CHOOM

Y'KNOW, I'VE HEARD SOME *REALLY* NICE THINGS ABOUT YOU, AND YOU JUST *AREN'T* LIVING UP TO THEM!

REALLY? WELL, I JUST CAN'T *STAND* THE IDEA OF YOU LIVING WITH THE DISAPPOINTMENT-- SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO KILL YOU *QUICKLY!*

BAM BAM BAM

BOOM

YOU'RE NOT K LLING *ANYONE ELSE!* YOU'RE NOT GETTING OFF THIS *MOON,* JEAN!!

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF *TIME.* SHE'S RECOVERING *FASTER* WITH EACH BLOW IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SHE PICKS US *ALL* OFF.

WHERE ARE THE *OTHERS!?*

THAT'S *SUMMERS'* BODY ONE CLICK OVER...

YES, IT APPEARS TO BE.

SHE'D *NEVER* DO THAT, WOLVERINE. ON HER L FE, JEAN WOULD *NEVER* HURT *SCOTT.*

SHE *HAS,* WORTH-INGTON.

GOD ALM GHTY, JEANN E. . IT'S *TAKEN YOU OVER,* HASN'T IT?

ALL RIGHT, KIDS. LET'S *END* THIS.

I'M GROWING EXTREMELY *BORED* WITH THIS!

I CAN FEEL YOU TRY NG TO *MIMIC* MORE ENERGY FROM ME, CALVIN! I'VE TURNED *OFF* THE *SPIGOT*, DEAR!

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT *WITHOUT* STEALING, YOU *PARASITE!*

GUESS I JUST GET *ONE SHOT* WITH THIS--!

--BUT THAT'S *ALL* YOU GET!

TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON A *PSYCHIC*? *SMART!* AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO *LEADS* THESE *"EXILES"*?

YES, BLINK--!

AAH!

SHE'S ALSO THE ONE WHO THOUGHT TO *DISTRACT* YOU AND TELEPORT ME HERE!

And then, everything becomes oddly *quiet.*

BRRRRRR

YES, SHE DOES!

BAKOOM

The sounds of the battle continue to roar, but the banter has ceased.

As Phoenix battles them, she reads their *thoughts.*

They are *open books* to one as powerful as she. She runs her psychic fingers over their fear, their anger, their *love* for her and there in...

their *disappointment.*

It's like a *sickness* in them. A primal *disgust.* It gnaws at her *worse* than the blows they deliver

It *fuels* her

She wants to kill them *more* with every moment

GET AS MUCH HEIGHT AS YA CAN AN' HEAD *STRAIGHT AT HER!*

I HEAR YOU.

MAY GOD FORGIVE US.

GOD AIN'T *ANYWHERE* NEAR HERE TODAY, WARREN.

I AM THE *BLACK ANGEL!*

I AM ALL THE *DARKNESS* YOU WILL KNOW!!

I AM *POWER!!*

I AM *DEATH!!*

Boom!

"LOGAN, I THINK WE'RE *TOO LATE!*"

"NO TURNING BACK *NOW,* MAN."

I *LOVED HER,* Y'KNOW?

WE *ALL* LOVED HER, FLYBOY.

WHAT?!

DON'T MISS, CLARICE! THIS IS YOUR *ONLY* CHANCE!

BLINK!

WHU--?

SNIKT!

SORRY, DARLIN'...

SNIKT!

BLINK!

AAAIE!!!

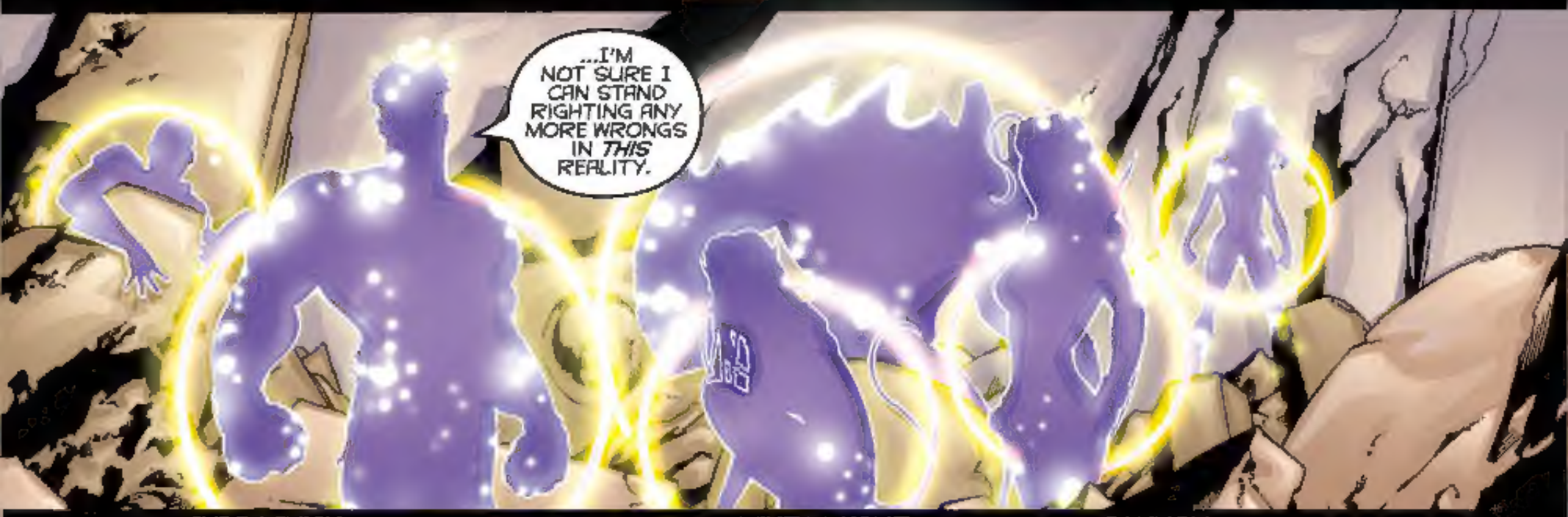
...BUT THIS *HAD* TO BE DONE.

SHUCK!

AAAAARRRRROOOAAARRR!!

OLD WOUNDS, NEW BATTLES

PART 2 OF 2



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